

# THE TOYS OF LAST YEAR

Oh, little girl, oh, little girl, you look ahead with glee  
And wonder what the gifts the Saint shall bring to you may be  
A thousand fancies fill your head, a thousand dreams you dream  
Of dolls made in wondrous ways or things that go by steam  
You'll like whatever comes, you know, and childishly you vow  
To keep your treasures well, but oh, where are the toys of last year now?

You shouted at the jumping Jack you'd begged the Saint to bring  
You laughed to see the antics of the monkey on the string  
The fairy book, the pictured blocks, the little train, the doll  
Ah how you danced with gladness as you looked upon them all!  
But that was long, so long ago, and you, you know, somehow,  
Have newer wants to-day, and oh, where are the toys of last year now?

Oh, anxious man, oh, lady fair, you court the fates to-day,  
And there are blessings rich and rare for which you meekly pray:  
A loving glance, a happy smile; perhaps the strength to take  
New-found responsibilities for wealth or honor's sake!  
You grasp new hands and gladly go, and faithfully you vow  
To cherish and to love, but oh, where are the toys of last year now?

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

# Christmas Evening with AUNT DEBBY.

MISS DEBORAH STRAYER, or Aunt Debby, as we girls called her, lived in a quaint old one-story house in an old-fashioned street. She was "Aunt Debby" to all the young folks of the village. Although she was over 80 years old, her memory was excellent, and she could tell a story that would interest anyone. She was a dear, cheery old soul, and we all loved her. An old colored servant lived with her. We girls often dropped in to see Aunt Debby and to remember her in various ways. It was late in December of a hard winter that



"We Started Indian File."

we found out that Aunt Debby was in straitened circumstances. She did not tell us, however, and we did not let her know that we knew. But a half dozen of us planned a surprise for her. We invited ourselves to a Christmas eve supper at Aunt Debby's. It was a bitterly cold evening when we dropped in about half-past five, informing her laughingly that we had come to take tea with her. She had always been so hospitable that it was pitiful to see the dear old face suddenly pale. Of course we knew the reason—a scarcity of provisions. Doubtless there was enough on hand to satisfy the hunger of herself and Sukey, but what could she do to satisfy the healthy appetites of six young girls? But we chased the pallor from Aunt Debby's face by hastily telling her that, it being a surprise, we had brought our supper along. How pleased she was then. And how delighted she watched us as we arranged the table! Such a supper! We had brought coffee, sugar and cream, and Sukey made the coffee and waited on the table. We had cold sliced chicken and tongue, bread and butter, biscuits, jelly, fruit and sponge cakes. And when we were through eating there was more food in the basket than we had eaten. We told Sukey to take care of it and her face was aglow when she put the good things away. When the supper was cleared away, Aunt Debby told us stories of auld-lang-syne. There was a bright fire in an old open Franklin stove, Aunt Debby looked at the glow and felt the warmth.

"We didn't have such a nice warm room as this when I was a girl," she said. "Folks hadn't even heard of stoves where we lived."

"Oh, Aunt Debby!"

"You needn't say, 'Oh, Aunt Debby!' Mollie Gray," the old lady continued, smiling on us, "for it's the truth. We had big fireplaces then, that would hold great logs. Over those blazing logs we cooked our meals, boiling, stewing and roasting. We used to bake apples over the fire, stringing them on wires. As for potatoes we baked them in hot ashes."

"Oh, my, that must have been lovely," cried Isabel Howell. "I wish we had such big fireplaces now."

"Well, they were nice," said Aunt Debby, "but they had their disadvantages. You see a great deal of the heat from the open fire went up the chimney. When we were scorching our faces to get our feet warm, our backs would feel—sometimes—as if some one was rolling snow down them. And if we were warming our backs our noses and our feet would be cold."

"How did you bake your bread without a stove?" asked Edith Brown.

"In the oven, to be sure."

"What oven?" questioned Edith.

"The fireplace didn't have an oven, did it?"

"Our ovens were made of brick and built right in the kitchen wall. We heated the oven with glowing logs from the fireplace."

Then Aunt Debby went on telling stories until she fell asleep in her chair. We girls were so quiet, one could have heard a pin drop. Presently there was such a noise outside that Aunt Debby awoke with a start.

"What's that noise?" she asked, looking around in a dazed way.

"I think it must be Santa Claus," Betty Jones answered with a chuckle.

It was Santa Claus, and he was superintending the unloading of a ton of coal. Presently he came again—this time with a load of wood. Aunt Debby's dear old face fairly shone by the light of the fire.

"How good God is!" she exclaimed.

"How good you all are!"

"How good you are, dear Aunt Debby!" cried out Isabel Howell.

When things had quieted down again, Paucie Stearns said: "What did you use to do Christmas when you were a girl?"

"I can tell you what I did one Christmas eve," Christmas was on Monday that year. On Sunday we went to church as usual. The pews were like little houses. They were high and square, with swinging doors. There were seats on three sides. The pulpit was high and was reached by a flight of deep steps. Over the pulpit was a sounding board. Father used to give out the hymns and Melinda Wyckoff's father would sound the key on his pitch-pipe. Folks can talk all they want to about the music in church nowadays, but, oh, wouldn't I like to roll time back just to hear that music of auld-lang-syne? We had a choir—Mr. Wyckoff was the leader—and they sat facing each other, the men on one side, the women on the other. We had instruments, too, violins, flutes, clarinets and bass-violins. Oh, my dears, it was beautiful.

"I told you we didn't have any stoves in our houses. There were none in our churches either until after that Christmas eve that I'm to tell you about. Every one who went to church carried hot bricks or stones or foot pans filled with glowing coals. There was a time when some one who had been to an eastern city on a visit, suggested ordering some heaters for the church. But so many were opposed to it that the church continued to be fireless. This Sunday, in the midst of a long, tiresome sermon, the weather, which had been extremely cold, suddenly grew bitter. The storm broke. The church seemed to shake and groan, but the preacher preached on. When

gentle way, "if these girls don't know enough to go home when it's bedtime, why don't you send them?"

"We know enough to stay," laughed Isabel. "When Aunt Debby is telling stories."

We put on our wraps, kissed Aunt Debby good night and piled into the sleigh. Sukey told me as I passed her at the door: "De judge done bring Missie Debby a mighty nice turkey an' all kin's er fixin's."

There were other delightful surprises for dear old Aunt Debby, but we had to go home and go to bed first. The girls went in a crowd next day to wish Aunt Debby Merry Christmas. It was a glorious day, clear and cold and bright. We smelled roast turkey before we opened the door. Aunt Debby was at the table with four small guests, ranging in age from six to twelve years. In response to our wondering looks, she said, sweetly:

"They are orphans. They came to wish me a Merry Christmas and I kept them so that they could have one, poor dears!"

Dear Aunt Debby, she was "passing on" her blessings. All that day gifts kept coming, baskets, hampers, and even barrels full to the brim.

"Tings been a lookin' d'ak fo' some time," Sukey confided to Betty Jones, who went into the kitchen on an errand, "but Missie Debby done say: 'Don't yo' fret, Sukey, bein' a frownin' Providence God hides a smilin' face.' Den she say: 'Sukey, I's fo' sooth yeahs on ober an' de good Lawd never failed fer provide—'Is not 'Irad, Sukey.'"

—Chicago Advance.

## CHINESE CHRISTOPHOBIA.

Why It Is That the People of China Do Not Take Very Kindly to Christianity.

The chief obstacle to the spread of Christianity in China is due, I believe, not to any especial dislike of it as an imported religion, but to a fear and an objection to certain foreign customs and point of view, as regarded by missionaries as essential to Christianity. The Chinese is due not only to Chinese hardness of heart, but also to the methods by which the message of "Peace on earth and good will to men" has been presented to them.

The missionary tells the Chinese that they need the Gospel above and beyond anything else, but he supplements this announcement with the idea that a Chinaman cannot be a Christian unless his Christianity finds expression in exactly the same forms and observances that it would in the land from which the missionary has emigrated. The missionary does not stop with the statement that the Chinaman is a non-believer in Christianity. He goes a step farther and calls the Chinaman a "heathen."

The conversion of a "heathen" to Christianity means much more than it would in the case of an American. A Chinaman must not only experience a "change of heart," he must also undergo a complete revolution of opinions and sentiments. He can no longer venerate his ancestors and pray before their tablets that he may keep unsullied the honored name they have left him. In other words, in order to become a Christian, according to missionary standards, a Chinaman must be denationalized. In sentiment he must become a foreigner. And naturally enough his "heathen" countrymen who still love their country and reverence their ancestors do not like the denationalizing process.

## COWS SHOWED THE CHARM.

Singular Effect of the Strains of a Violin Played to Attract Their Attention.

At a recent concert of the hospital music fund, given in Cambridge city hospital, one of the musicians did a thing which recalls the ancient history of Orpheus and his enchanting lyre, reports the Boston Transcript.

At the farther end of a field opposite the institution two cows were quietly grazing with their backs toward the street. The first violinist asserted that he could speak with those cows by means of his violin at that distance. Being doubted, he played one chord on the two lower strings of his instrument. The animals immediately quit feeding, raised their heads, turned in the direction of the sound and looked interested. The violinist drew his bow on the strings a second time and the animals came directly across the field and put their heads over the rails of the fence, with ears thrown forward, nostrils dilated and eyes inquiring. The third time the chord was played the animals simultaneously answered with a sharp, short lowing and uneasy stamping of forefeet.

A word in cow language was plainly said by the violin and was answered by the cows. The incident was seen by Dr. Dixwell and six or seven others interested in the hospital music charity. Some of the more incredulous members of the party thought that perhaps the animals which answered the sound were looking for another cow hidden from view, but there was no near hiding place and the sunlight was clear.

## Liquid Fuel.

Appropos of Lord Kelvin's assertion that in 400 years the coal of the world will be used up, M. Cartieux, chief engineer of the Northern railway of France, says that in ten years, between petroleum and alcohol, coal mining will not pay.—Science.

## Grape-Stealing Turtles.

A vineyard owner in Algiers discovered that great inroads were made nightly on his grapes. He watched for the enemy and found that a large herd of turtles were the culprits.—N. Y. Sun.

## There Were Two, All Right.

Uncle George—You are always complaining about your wife's bad temper, but you know it takes two to make a quarrel.

Harry—In this case the two are my wife and my wife's mother.—Boston Transcript.

## Healthy Iowa.

The most healthful state in the union is Iowa, with a mortality rate of 9.3 per thousand, and the least healthful state is Louisiana, with a mortality rate of 20.65 per thousand.—Albany Argus.

## SHOULD HAVE BEEN RED.

The Name and the Color of the Hair Did Not Correspond, Thought the Young Lady.

"At least, Miss Thelwell," said the young man, pale but firm, and standing before her with folded arms, "I am entitled to an explanation."

"I never supposed, Mr. Hoxwell," she replied, facing him with equal firmness, says the Chicago Tribune, "you would ask me to marry you."

"That is not an explanation. Leaving out of the question the fact that you have accepted my attentions for a period of a year or more, which I might plead as ample justification for my presumption, if you so consider it, in proposing marriage to me, I am wholly at a loss to understand the repugnance, amounting almost to horror, with which you have turned me down. Am I so disagreeable, personally, that—"

"No, it is not that," she interrupted, covering her face with her hands. "I admire you as a gentleman and esteem you highly as a friend, but can you not see—O, can you not see?—why any nearer tie is impossible?"

"No! For the life of me I can't!"

"Mr. Hoxwell," she said, with restored calmness, "I had hoped there would be no necessity for this explanation, but I can never marry a man with black hair and so grotesquely inappropriate a name as Rufus!"

## She Was Not Superstitious.

During a marriage ceremony at Northeast High, a week ago, the long veil of the bride in some unaccountable way became loosened, and fell. A superstitious bride would have been horror-stricken at such an occurrence—perhaps would have fainted, perhaps postponed the event. Not so this bride. She just stopped the proceedings long enough to readjust the refractory adornment, glanced smilingly at the groom, and then, with a let-the-procession-move look toward the minister, resumed her position at the altar. The reverend gentleman proceeded, and it was noticed that he gave an extra tug at the nuptial knot.—Kennebec Journal.

## Frisco System—New Observation Cafe Cars.

In addition to through chair car and Pullman Sleeper service the Frisco system operates on its trains out of St. Louis and Kansas City very handsome Observation Cafe Cars, under management of Fred Harvey. These cars are equipped with every convenience, including large library observation room and platform; the former supplied with easy chairs, writing material, latest newspapers and periodicals. Electric lights and electric fans add to the comfort of the passengers. These trains leave St. Louis and Kansas City daily via the Frisco System.

She—"Cholly is always running after an heiress. He has a passion for gold." He—"He inherited it. His father died of yellow fever."—Indianapolis News.

Many of us might be happy if we did not suffer from disorders of the liver. Then we ought to use Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which cure the disorders and bring the whole system to a healthy condition.

If you really think you are a guardian of the future, don't be unnecessarily offensive in the exercise of your high calling.—Indianapolis News.

## Stops the Cough.

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Waitress (at quick-lunch stand)—"Do you want to eat this sandwich here or take it with you?" Gentleman—"Both."—Harvard Lampoon.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

We can't help but feel very often that the advice we give is much better than the advice we take.—Indianapolis News.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, bal. 1/2 crop till paid. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

We are none of us either as foolish or as smart as some people think we are.—Indianapolis News.

Carpets can be colored on the floor with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

Life is made up of events and recurrences.—Chicago Daily News.



## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

# I Did Not Feel That I Could Walk

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with thankfulness I write that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been of the greatest help to me. My work keeps me standing on my feet all day and the hours are long. Some months ago it didn't seem as though I could stand it. I would get so dreadfully tired and my back ached so I wanted to scream with the pain. When I got home at night I was so worn out I had to go right to bed, and I was terribly blue and downhearted. I was irregular and the flow was scanty, and I was pale and had no appetite. I told a girl friend who was taking your medicine how I felt, and she said I ought to take it too. So I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and commenced to take it. It helped me right off. After the first few doses constipation started and was fuller than for some time. It seemed to lift a load off me. My back stopped aching and I felt brighter than I had for months. I took three bottles in all. Now I never have an ache or pain, and I go out after work and have a good time. I am regular and strong and am thankful to you for the change."

"I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound whenever I hear of a girl suffering, for I know how hard it is to work when you feel so sick."—Miss MAMIE KEIRNS, 553 9th Ave., New York City.

Women should not fail to profit by the experiences of these women; just as surely as they were cured of the troubles enumerated in their letters, just so certainly will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure others who suffer from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, irregular and painful menstruation, nervous excitability, and nervous prostration; remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

Miss Amanda T. Peterson, Box 131, Atwater, Minn., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I hope that you will publish this testimonial so that it may reach others and let them know about your wonderful medicine."

"Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was troubled with the worst kind of fainting spells. The blood would rush to my head, was very nervous and always felt tired, had dark circles around eyes."

"I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am entirely cured. I had taken doctor's medicine for many years but it did me no good."

"Please accept my thanks for this most excellent medicine which is able to restore health to suffering women."

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